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[From the Democratic Review.]

WEST POINT.

A TALE OF TREASON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "RECHOS," "LAFAYETTE," &c.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER NINTH.

On the eastern bank of the Hudson, two miles southwesterly from West Point, there stands, at the present day, a time-worn dwelling. It is a long, rambling structure, two stories high, and erected, apparently, at different periods—a low gallery, in some places sunken, running around it, with vines creeping around its slender columns, and grass growing in its crevices; shrubs have got roothold on its moss-covered roof, and hang over the eaves in graceful festoons. It is in the centre of a lawn, from the bosom of which numerous fine old trees of a century's growth, send up their trunks to a great height, and form a broad canopy of foliage above the venerable roof. Every thing about it—its worn-eaten fences, its thick, soft grass, like piled velvet, which age only can give; its long range of noble old barns, once red, but now browned and blackened with the storms of eighty winters; its gigantic shrubbery; an avenue of box trees that look as if planted under a woman's eye, ere the Revolution, give an air of old family dignity and antiquity that is seldom found in this young western world. A forest shut out the prospect of the river from the south gallery, but a range of mountains, Dunderberg and his satellites, fill the eye instead, while Anthony's Nose, clothed with trees to its top, rises abruptly from the lawn, which is blended with its base to the height of a thousand feet. On the west and north, Fort Putnam, now nearly hid by the trees that have been suffered to grow up immediately around, and old Crow Nest, are striking objects in the prospect. From the house a winding carriage road leads through a romantic wood to a small cove in the Hudson, near the outlet of a brawling brook which intersects the grounds, where is a landing place for small boats. This is called Beverly Cove, and the dwelling above described Beverly House. Here Arnold held his head quarters during his command at West Point.

In a large square room of the mansion, its low ceiling intersected by traverse beams, carefully white-washed, the capacious fire place flanked by panel work, and little closets, with but a single door (beside that opening into the hall) leading into a small room lighted by a single window looking to the north, there sat, the morning after Andre's arrest, a party at breakfast. It consisted of Gen. Arnold who was in the usual gay and social vein, his youthful and lovely wife, whose maiden charms had won the admiration of Andre,* and Colonels Hamilton, and McHenry, aids de camp of Generals Washington and La Fayette.

In the midst of their meal and an animated conversation on the subject of their contemplated attack on New York, a horseman rode up to the door and an orderly entered the room with a note which he gave to Gen. Arnold. Putting down an egg which he was about to break into a little China cup before him, he opened the letter and read with a palpitating heart and a sense of suffocation:

"Sir, I send forward under charge of Lieutenant Allen and a guard which will arrive at Beverly House by noon, a certain John Andre, who was taken while going toward New York. He had a passport signed in your name which is doubtless forged, and a parcel of papers taken from his stockings which are of a dangerous tendency. I send him to you as a commanding officer, feeling that it is a case presenting too many difficulties, and involving too much for me to decide upon."

JAMESON, Colonel, &c. &c.

Till this moment Arnold had believed that his treason was successful. From the hour of his arrival at Beverly house, after taking leave of Andre, he had been singularly active and alert in all his duties, and with the officers about his person was on more than usual terms of confidence and intimacy. That morning Col. Hamilton and McHenry had rode forward to his house from Fishkill to announce the approach of Washington & La Fayette to dine with him. Such was the confidence this great man reposed in him. Alas, how rapid! The friendship of such a man as Washington—the moral atmosphere which he diffused around him, should have saved him from such a fall.

*It is a singular fact that Andre was an admirer of Miss Shippen, afterwards Mrs. Arnold, who was daughter of chief justice Shippen, of Philadelphia, where he first saw her during his occupancy by the British army.

With an effort of self-command almost supernatural, he read the information of the capture of Andre and the defeat of his plans, so long forming. He folded the letter, suppressing his emotions the while so effectually as to prevent the least suspicion of the occurrence of any extraordinary event, and taking up the egg he had laid down, deliberately broke it into the cup, and for a few seconds longer continued to eat his breakfast, and addressed with ease a few common place words to Col. Hamilton. At length he said:

"Gentlemen, I beg you will not let my departure interrupt your meal. I have just received a note requiring my immediate presence at West Point. George, have my horse immediately saddled and brought to the door."

Then rising from the table he hastened up stairs to his private room, situated at the northeast corner of the house, and dispatched a servant to the breakfast room to say to Mrs. Arnold that he desired to speak with her.

"Mary," he said, in a voice of the deepest agitation, closing the door, and taking her in his arms, "we have been united but eighteen months, but we must now part forever. I have been, unknown to you, engaged in a treasonable correspondence with Sir Henry Clinton. The note I have just received tells me of the arrest of his messenger to me, with papers on his person, either of which would become my death warrant. Nothing remains for me but instant flight to the enemy. My barge is at the landing. I can reach the Vulture by noon. Escape now will be easy. No one here is aware of my criminality. An hour hence it will be too late. Though Jameson is too dull to suspect me, Tallmadge or others may ere this have seen the papers, and be on their way to arrest me. Instantly burn all my papers. Now, farewell, dearest.—God bless you. The heaviest blow this inflicts will reach me through you. Now God bless you—bless you!"

Hastily embracing her he fled from the apartment, and though a shriek, prolonged and wild, and a heavy fall reached his ears as he descended the stairs he lingered not, but flung himself on Col. Hamilton's horse, his own not being yet at the door. Giving the animal the rein, he took a by path around the stables, galloped rapidly along the hedge, and descended a wooded hill through a dry, rocky ravine, almost impracticable to horse, but down which he recklessly urged the noble animal, which, plunging, leaping, and sliding on its belly, the spurs of the rider cutting into the rocks as he bore upon them with his heels, reached the bottom, and leaped the brook clear into the carriage road. Riding forward like wind through the wooded bottom, Arnold gained the cove, where, beside a small pier, his barge, with six men, was in waiting to convey him, as usual at that hour, across to West Point.

He threw himself from his horse, and sprang into the boat.

"Push off, Cuyler!" he said to the coxswain, with anxious impatience. "Lively, men, lively! Clear from the shore! Set your oars to that snaking rock, and help her! There, she's off.—Thank God! Now let fall and give way.—Starboard, Cuyler! Hard a starboard!"

The boatman started, "Are we not going to West Point, sir?"

"No, below! Urgent affairs require my presence on board the Vulture. Pull out into the middle of the river, and take the full force of the tide. Lay to your sweeps well, men.—You shall have a guinea a piece when you run your boat under the counter of the Vulture."

The men gave utterance to a kind of a cheer and bent to their oars with a good will. Cuyler sat in the stern sheets, steering her with a steadiness and skill that added almost a seventh oar to her speed. For a while the barge stood steadily down the river, passing on either hand scenery of savage grandeur every commanding eminence of which was crowned with a redoubt.

In about an hour they emerged from the highlands into a broader part of the river, and approached the fortress at Verplanck's Point, commanded by Col. Livingston. Arnold, who had hitherto sat in the stern of the boat, with his arms folded, only rousing himself from a gloomy reverie by cheering the boatmen to renewed exertion, on nearing the post placed in the stern a white handkerchief fixed to his sword which had the effect intended, for Col. Livingston regarding it as a flag boat permitted it to pass without ordering it to be stopped and examined. This was a trying moment to the traitor and he scarcely breathed till the barge was out of gun shot. The Vulture was now in sight a league below and in another hour he was on board of her.

We will here dispose of the traitor in a few words. Although his plan had failed, he was made a Major General in the British army, and was otherwise rewarded for his intentions and previous services as Clinton's correspondent. But honorable men of the British army refused to associate with him, and officers to serve under him. After living many years in deep contempt and infamy, he died, miserably, at his residence in Grosvenor square, London; not only unpunished and unhonored, but leaving behind him a name which has become a by-word for treason among both the British & American people.

CHAPTER TENTH.

Two hours after the flight of Arnold, General Washington, accompanied by Knox and La Fayette, on their return from a visit to Count Rochambeau at Hartford, arrived at Beverly House, as previously arranged, to repose themselves and dine. Here learning from his aids that General Arnold had been suddenly called over to West Point on urgent business, he remained only long enough to take a late and hasty breakfast, and hastened to the garrison to ascertain if any thing important had transpired. Accompanied by all his suite except Colonel Hamilton, who was detained in writing letters, he rode to the cove by the usual carriage road. This is a firm gravelled avenue, running northwardly with an easy descent, through a line of old trees for a hundred yards, to the bottom of a dell, through which the brook before mentioned runs brawling over stones. Here, at a gate, the road makes a sharp angle to the left, and follows the course of the rivulet. A roof of densest foliage shields it from the noon-day sun, and seats placed at intervals along its borders, invite the rambler to repose; while the ceaseless gurgle of the flowing water, the singing of countless birds, the silence of the forest trees, save when their tops are moved whisperingly by the winds, tempt him to linger in its delightful seclusion. Such was the pleasant woodland path through which the party rode, such, save that time has made it lovelier, is it now. Just before they arrived at the cove they discovered the horse deserted by Arnold grazing by the path, his bridle beneath his feet, and his saddle and coat bearing traces of the red soil in which he had taken that equine luxury, a roll.

A passing remark was made by Knox on General Arnold's carelessness; the animal was led back to the house by a servant; and in a few seconds afterward the gentlemen dismounted on the little pier. Here a small pennant hoisted by an attendant sent in advance, was fluttering from a staff placed on a projecting point of rock, in answer to which a barge of eight oars was putting out from the fort of Buttermilk Falls, then a military boat station. In a few minutes the party embarked, and the boat moved swiftly through the water. The harmony of motion and action in a well-manned barge, produces, like all harmony, silence and musing. The simultaneous sway of the bodies of the oarsmen—the regular rattle in the rowlocks—the liquid dip of the falling sweeps—the answering leaps of the boat, all are harmonious, soothing, and conducive to meditation. After the first hundred yards conversation ceased, and each gentleman seemed to be occupied with his own thoughts. The scenery through which they moved, added also, its influence. On the right, stretched the eastern shore rising a rocky precipice from the water, and crowned with woods. On the left, the buttermilk Falls came tumbling and foaming in snowy sheets from the top of a cliff, and further on the shores were walled with lofty rural precipices. As they proceeded, the Highlands of Crow Nest and Bull Hill frowned down upon them, and from a promontory the fortress of West Point bristled with its iron battery. As they approached the landing, now disused, south of Kosciusko's garden, Washington observed with enthusiasm:

"Well gentlemen, it is fortunate for us that General Arnold has gone over to the garrison in advance of us, for we shall now have a salute and the roaring of the cannon will have a fine effect among those mountains."

The barge continued to approach the shore without any notice from the fortress, when, surprised at the silence, and absence of all preparations to receive them, he exclaimed,—

"What! do they not intend to salute us?"

An officer now made his appearance descending the ravine, and reached the shore just as the boat touched it.

"How is this, sir?" said Washington, with some severity.

"Pardon me, General," said the officer in confusion, "I did not anticipate the honor of such a visit, or I should have been prepared to receive you in a proper manner."

"What! is not General Arnold here?" demanded the chief with surprise.

"No your excellency. He has not been here for these two days, nor have I heard from him, within that time."

"This is extraordinary, indeed," said Washington, "we were told he had crossed the river and that we should find him here."

He, nevertheless, remained and inspected the garrison and works, and then, reentered the barge with suite, and was pulled back to Beverly House.

As he approached the mansion Col. Hamilton met him with a troubled countenance and whispered in his ear:

"Alight, sir! I have a matter of the most vital importance to acquaint you with."

Washington accompanied him into the sitting-room and when the door was closed, Hamilton placed in his hands several papers, saying, "as the messenger who arrived with these shortly after you left, said they were of the utmost importance I opened them."

Washington read the letters which contained from an authentic source, the account of the capture of Andre and a copy of the papers in Arnold's hand-writing with the passport in the

same hand, found on his person. The guilt of Arnold was made clear as light, and the cause of his absence from West Point accounted for. It was plain that he had escaped to the enemy.

He has descended the river, ride Hamilton for your life," said Washington, "it may be possible to intercept him at Verplanck's Point."

Colonel Hamilton left the room and spurred away on what proved to be a fruitless errand. Washington now sent for Generals La Fayette and Knox to whom he communicated Arnold's treason, and placed in their hands the papers which confirmed it. His manner was composed and dignified. "Whom can we trust now?" he said calmly, after they had finished the perusal of the letters.

"Mon dieu! is it possible?" exclaimed La Fayette, crumpling the paper in his clenched hand as he swiftly paced the apartment.

"I always knew him to be a disaffected man, but by—I did not expect the devil to turn out so black from hoof to horn!" said Knox violently striking his fist on the table.

"It is useless to show feeling about it now, gentlemen," said Washington, without betraying emotion or anxiety of any kind, "it remains for us to repair what injury he has done us, and prevent him from doing more."

The American General now directed all his energies to counteract the plans, laid by the traitor. Orders were forwarded to all the posts, the positions of the garrisons changed and the whole order of things as laid down by Arnold reversed. Sir Henry Clinton however, through the capture of Andre, was kept in ignorance and uncertainty until the arrival of the Vulture in New York with Arnold on board, the morning after his flight. The project therefore, was abandoned and the troops disembarked.

CHAPTER ELEVENTH.

It was not until noon of the following day that Andre arrived at the Beverly House, under escort of Major Tallmadge. This officer on inspecting the captured papers which were shown him, after Col. Jameson had sent the prisoner forward, saw that this officer was strangely blind as to Arnold's guilt. Expressing in warm terms of censure his opinion of the course pursued by Jameson, he requested and received the command of the escort, and after some delay, reached head quarters with his prisoner. Washington refused to see him lest he should forget what was due to justice in sympathy for his victim, and ordered him to be placed under guard in a small room, and a sentinel to be posted outside the door, and other precautions taken for his security, until he could be conveyed to West Point and thence to Teppan for trial.

It was late in the afternoon when Andre stood by his little window watching the setting sun, as hung low in the western skies above the summit of Crow Nest, and gilded with its slanting beams the walls of the fortress of West Point. His thoughts were turned on to the hopelessness of his situation. He knew that he must die. To be cut off in the prime of youth, his earthly hopes crushed, the ties of love, paternal and filial, forever broken, all that bound him to his fellow beings severed and destroyed! He turned away from the window and paced to and fro his narrow prison under the pressure of intense agony. Terrible was the conflict between his manhood and his human nature! At length reason asserted her power, philosophy and religion came to his aid, and he grew calmer. He resolved to bear his fate like a British soldier. After a few seconds he called to the sentinel and requested writing materials to be brought to him. They were cheerfully granted by Major Tallmadge, who had taken a deep and feeling interest in the fate of the noble youth. Seating himself at a table, Andre penned the following letter to Gen. Washington:

24th September, 1780.

"Sir, what I have said concerning myself to my captor, was the justifiable attempt to be extricated; I am too little accustomed to duplicity to have succeeded."

I beg that your excellency will be persuaded that no alteration in the temper of my mind, or apprehension for my safety, induces me to take the step of addressing you; but that it is to rescue myself from an imputation of having assumed a mean character for treacherous purposes or self-interest—a conduct incompatible with the principles that actuate me, as well as with my condition in life.

It is to vindicate my fame that I speak and not to solicit security.

The person in your possession is Major John Andre, Adjutant General to the British Army. The influence of one commander in the army of his adversary, is an advantage taken in war. A correspondence for this purpose I held; as confidential, in the present instance, with his excellency Sir Henry Clinton.

To favor it I agreed to meet upon ground not within the posts of either army, a person who was to give me intelligence; I came up in the Vulture, man of war, for this effect, and was fetched by a boat from the ship to the beach. Being there, I was told the approach of day would prevent my return, that I was in my regimentals and had fairly risked my person.

Against my stipulation my intention, and

within one of your posts. Your excellency may conceive my sensation on this occasion, and how much more I must have been affected by a refusal to conduct me back the next night as I had been brought. Thus became a prisoner, I had to concert my escape. I quitted my uniform, and was passed another way in the night without the American posts, to neutral ground and informed I was beyond all armed parties, and left to press for N. York. I was taken at Tarrytown by some volunteers.

Thus as I have had the honor to relate, was I betrayed into the vile condition of an enemy in disguise within your posts.

Having avowed myself a British officer I have nothing to reveal but what relates to myself which is true on the honor of an officer and a gentleman.

The request that I have to make to your excellency, and I am conscious that I address myself well, is, that in any rigor policy may dictate, a decency of conduct toward me may mark, that though unfortunate, I am branded with nothing dishonorable, as no motive could be mine but the service of my king, and as I was involuntarily an imposter.

Another request is that I may be permitted to write an open letter to Sir Henry Clinton, and another to a friend for clothes and linen.

I take the liberty to mention the condition of some gentleman at Charleston who being either on parole or under protection were engaged in a conspiracy against us. Though their situation is not similar, they are objects who may be set in exchange for me, or are persons whom the treatment I receive might affect.

It is no less, sir, in a confidence of the generosity of your mind, than on account of your superior station, that I have chosen to importune you with this letter.

I have the honor to be, sir, with great respect, Your Excellency's most obedient and most humble servant,

JOHN ANDRE, Adj't General.

When he had finished penning the appeal, he gave it to Major Tallmadge who read it with undisguised astonishment. He had suspected from his carriage, and the habit of turning on his heel in his walk, that he was a military man, but he had no suspicions that he held so high a rank in the British army, nor that the plot in which he had been connected with Arnold was so extensive and dangerous. He carried the letter to General Washington, who was deeply affected on reading it, but made no reply to it. After the prisoner had sent the letter, his mind appeared relieved and his features wore a calm and contented expression. He turned again to the window and the calm landscape lighted by the evening sky was not more placed and serene than his countenance.

"Andre!"

He started and looked around, but there was no one present.

"Andre!" was a second time repeated, as if close to his ear, in the gentle tones of a woman's voice.

He looked around, and up to the ceiling, when his eye caught a slip of paper falling fluttering at his feet. He lifted it from the ground and read with a sparkling eye:

"DEAR MAJOR ANDRE:—Though miserable my self I cannot be altogether so absorbed in my own wretchedness as to forget the griefs of others. Listen to me. I know your high notions of honor and the spirit of chivalrous self sacrifice that fills your bosom, but oh! for my sake—for your own—for that of your mother and sisters—for the sake of your country—do what I am about to ask of you! Accept life while it is in your power! Do not remain to die like a criminal! Life is now yours—to-morrow it may be due to justice! Alas! my heart tells me what will be your reply—but I will not therefore cease my exertions to save you. Assisted by a faithful slave, I this morning loosened two planks in your room. They afford communication with the cellar. Descend into it and Peter will meet you with a disguise, and conduct you by the western outlet, which opens among high shrubbery, into the garden, where he will conceal you till night, and then provide a boat for your escape. Do not, Andre, neglect this opportunity! Fly now! General Washington and his staff are now busy in the library, and nothing can prevent the success of the plan but your own obstinacy. Fly, Andre!—Escape! For the sake of all you hold dear on earth, lose not a moment, but fly!"

MARY.

The young man read this appeal with a sparkling eye and glowing countenance; when he concluded it he glanced upward and kissed his hand to the invisible author of it, then folded the paper, and placed it next his heart, and paced the room rapidly with a thoughtful brow and excited manner.

"Nay, nay, I will not I cannot—I may not! I must abide my destiny."

He stopped, surveyed the floor through every part, and then walked toward the side next to the hall and tread lightly on the two planks nearest the wall. They were loose. He stooped to lift them and they yielded to his hand and he gazed down into the dark cellar beneath.

"Come massa! cons' clear—dis jus' da time!" said a low husky voice from beneath.

[See Fourth Page.]

each month. This was one cause of the irregularity; and such was the excuse. Another complaint was, that his reports were not always made in season, within the month. It would appear that this arose from the great distance his office was from Natchez, being some hundreds of miles, and to which the money was to be sent, or if deposited nearer, from which a certificate had to be obtained first, then sent to Washington. These are the whole mighty affairs as to Harris, till August, 1836. It then appears that on a thorough examination of his accounts and money, he discovered that by the supposed pilfering of some of his clerks, they did not balance, & a deficiency of money existed.

He at once writes to General Jackson, then in Tennessee, communicating the fact, and tendering at once his resignation. This is the first admission or confession of any moneyed default; and the President at once ordered him to be suspended or removed, and his balance to be collected. The order reached this city September 21st, 1836; and on the same day, it appears by letter from the Secretary of the Treasury, that Harris was suspended from office, and the Commissioner of the General Land office directed to have Harris's accounts stated and collected as soon as practicable. By the other reports submitted to Congress, it appears that the suit was instituted, that a large portion of the balance has been collected, and that the whole of the residue is considered perfectly secure.

So much for the grossly misrepresented case of Harris. In respect to him, it seems that he has twice been Receiver, and without adhering to the circumstances, much of the misrepresentation concerning it would not be detected.

Under his first appointment, several letters seem to have been written to him by the Secretary, complaining of irregularity in his returns and deposits. The excuses are now published and appear entirely satisfactory. And when he was reappointed, no material default had occurred, and his accounts stood well. At the time of his reappointment, it appears, also by his replies, that he had first been elected treasurer of the Board of Internal Improvement of Illinois an office through which some millions of money must pass yearly. But he declined it, and accepted the Receivership; and such was the confidence in him in Illinois, at that time, besides electing him treasurer, that the Governor of the State, a distinguished and popular politician, became one of his new subscribers.

Under this new appointment he went on correctly until the convulsions of 1837 either seduced him or he was seduced into speculations, which terminated in his resignation, to avoid a removal from his position. But he declined it, and accepted the Receivership; and such was the confidence in him in Illinois, at that time, besides electing him treasurer, that the Governor of the State, a distinguished and popular politician, became one of his new subscribers.

OHIO RESOLUTIONS.

The following are the resolutions adopted by a large majority of the present Democratic Legislature of Ohio in relation to Abolitionism. They were introduced by Mr. Hood:

Resolved, That the General Assembly of the State of Ohio, in the opinion of this General Assembly, ours is a Government of limited powers; that all powers not delegated by the Constitution are reserved to the people; and that, by the Constitution of the United States, Congress has no jurisdiction over the institutions of slavery in the several States of the Confederacy.

Resolved, That the Congress of the United States has no jurisdiction over the institutions of slavery in the several States of the Confederacy.

Resolved, That the Congress of the United States has no jurisdiction over the institutions of slavery in the several States of the Confederacy.

Resolved, That all attempts to abolish slavery in the States of this Union, or to prohibit the removal of slaves from State to State, or to discriminate between the institutions of one portion of this country and another with the views aforesaid, are, in the opinion of this General Assembly, in violation of the Constitution of the U. States, and destructive of the fundamental principles on which rests the union of these States.

Resolved, That, in the opinion of this General Assembly, it is unwise, impolitic, and inexpedient, to repeal any law now in force, imposing disabilities upon blacks and mulatto persons, thus placing them upon an equality with the whites, so far as the Legislature can do, and indirectly inviting the black population of other States to emigrate to this State to the manifest injury of the public interest.

Resolved, That the Governor be requested to forward copies of these resolutions to the President and Vice President of the United States, to each of our Senators and Representatives in Congress, and to the Executive of every State in the Confederacy.

THE DISTRIBUTION OF THE SURPLUS.—Our readers will remember that, at the first session of the Congress which has just expired, a law was passed, on the suggestion of the Treasurer, postponing the payment to the States of the fourth instalment of the surplus until the first of January, 1838.

Inasmuch as no law was passed at the recent session, prolonging the period of postponement, the payment is now due and demanded by the States; and the original appropriation being from any moneys in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated, we do not see but that the Treasury must, in obedience to law, make the distribution, or confess to empty boxes.

N. Y. American.

Can any one read the above, and still believe it came from one of the Whig upstarts from that aristocracy which claims all the talent and intelligence?

The most ignorant understand that no debt is due from the general Government to the States; on the contrary, the States owe the General Government over twenty-eight millions of dollars.

Every one who has read the deposit law knows, also, that the nation's money proposed to be delivered to the States, was only to be deposited from a surplus, and to be called back when wanted. The fourth instalment was wanted before it was deposited, and of course has been kept by the General Government, to which it belonged, and this is the whole case. There is not, and never was, any appropriation to pay it, as the New York American pretends; for it is not, and never was, a debt.

Globe.

Outrageous Attack on the Steamer John W. Richmond.—An Extra was issued yesterday morning, at the office of the Daily Times, giving an account of two attempts made by the steamer Osceola to run into the John W. Richmond, just as she left New York, on Saturday afternoon. The first attempt was so far successful as to cause the Osceola to strike the Richmond upon the larboard bow, just forward of the wheel house, but owing to the great strength of the R., she received no injury.

The second attempt was foiled by the skillful conduct of Capt. Townsend, of the Richmond. During the time that the Osceola was endeavoring to effect her foul purpose, the steamer Rhode Island which had just left for Stouington was so manoeuvring as to cause the passengers on board the Richmond to suspect that she was concerned in the attempt. The Times states that the Osceola, which boat runs on the North River, was manned by the steward, crew, & servants of the steamer Narragansett, and was commanded by the pilot of that boat. A proprietor of the Osceola, who was on board the Richmond, admitted that she was chartered by a company, but he refused to tell what company. The Rhode Island and Narragansett belong to the Boston and New York Transportation Company, in opposition to which the Richmond runs. Under all these circumstances it was perfectly reasonable on the part of the Richmond's passengers, to suppose the attack made by the Osceola on the boat in which they were embarked, was the result of a conspiracy. They held a meeting on board the Richmond, and passed a preamble and resolutions expressing such an opinion, which were signed by eighty two gentlemen and nine ladies, representing no less than thirty two towns in New England, and several to them residents of this city. Whether the result of a conspiracy or not, the fact of an attack having been made on the Richmond by the Osceola is perfectly plain. There were on board the Richmond, at the time, one hundred and seventy five persons, the lives of all of whom were endangered by the villainous conduct of the commander of the Osceola.

The proprietor of the Osceola who was on board the Richmond, refused to sign the proceedings of the meeting which we have mentioned, which, to say the least of it, looks very suspicious.

A soldier by the name of Stephen Wood, Jr. of Hamam, died instantly of an apoplectic fit at the Barracks on the eastern side of the river in this town, on Sunday last. His funeral took place at the Barracks on Monday. Br. Bates, the Chaplain, officiated on this occasion. After the service, his comrades, about two hundred in number, in commemoration for his afflicted wife, subscribed a dollar each for her benefit, and sent his body home for interment. This is an honorable trait in the character of the soldiers. We have heard of no other death amongst the three thousand men in service, which is rather remarkable, considering the state of the weather, inducing colds and lung fevers.

MORUS MULTICAULIS.—The Savannah Republican states that the Chatham Silk Company, located in that country, had lately sold 600,000 morus multicaulis trees, all grown in that vicinity to be delivered in November next.

A passenger in the steamboat from New York informs Messrs. Topliff that intelligence reached that city yesterday, that the steamboat New York, one of the mail packets plying between New York and New Haven, was entirely destroyed by fire on Thursday, whilst lying at the wharf at New Haven. She had a valuable cargo which was also destroyed.

From the Charleston Courier of the 21st inst.

ATTEMPT AT SWINDLING.—A short time since, a person applied to a merchant of this city to obtain an advance of four thousand dollars on one hundred and sixty three bales of cotton, stored in Savannah, for which a receipt of storage was shown and samples exhibited. The merchant to whom the application was made, stated that he could not make the advance unless the cotton was shipped at Savannah, consigned to him, and the bills of lading placed in his possession, which, after some conversation, was agreed on by the parties.

Some suspicion having arisen in the mind of the merchant, he wrote to Savannah, requesting a friend to make inquiries whether the cotton was in store, giving the name of the person who pretended to own it, (Henderson) as also the name of the one said to have it in store (R. Capin.) The answer was that no one of the name of Capin was known in Savannah, nor could it be ascertained that there was any cotton in that city, belonging to a Mr. Henderson.

The same day that his letter was received, the swindler called on the merchant with a bill of lading of 163 bales of cotton, shipped on board the steamer Penney, Captain Penney, consigned to Wm. Henderson. The letter had no postmark, but was endorsed, "borne by Mr. Hester," and drawn up in such a bungling manner as to convince any one of its falsity. The rogue soon found that he was suspected, returned to his lodgings, and in the course of a very short period, shouldered his baggage and decamped; not however until he had made a demonstration on the barber of the hotel, by endeavoring to borrow fifteen dollars from him, in which, however, he was unsuccessful.

He represented himself as a Georgia planter, was about thirty years of age, erect in his carriage, tall complexion, well dressed, and spoke freely of his acquaintances in Augusta, mentioning names well known in this city.

It is hoped that this notice may attract general attention, in order to put others on their guard and lead to his detection and punishment.

UNFORTUNATE.—The editor of the Madisonian is complaining because gentlemen in Washington don't speak to him. He says those whom he has known for years, pass frequently without venturing a look of recognition. And to avenge this cruel slight, he calls upon the people to "rise in the majesty of their strength, and stay the destroying hand of him (Mr. Van Buren) who seeks to overthrow their liberties, &c. What a fuss about nothing!"

Eastern Argus.

THE PORTLAND AND BANGOR.

We were much pleased, on visiting those two steam Boats, a day or two since, to observe with how much neatness and convenience they have been arranged for the ensuing season. The Portland has been always an object of pride with us—having been built here, and so admirably contrived and managed for the accommodation and safety of the public. The arrangement by which Capt. Cortis has had the offer of the command of the boat—and which we are glad he has accepted—will be very satisfactory of the public. His skill as an Engineer, renders him a most valuable accession to the Portland, in any department to which he may be preferred—and it is no reflection at all upon the other gentlemen who have so well commanded this boat in former years, to say that the present appointment will be as satisfactory as any that has heretofore occurred. The experience of one year, in which Capt. C. acquitted himself acceptably in that capacity, has well prepared him to enter again upon the duties devolving upon him as her captain.

The Bangor, under Capt. Howes, has given very good satisfaction; and his continuance in her command, without a breath of disapprobation that we have heard, shows how high his stands with those who are interested so deeply in the good character of the boat—her owners.

We are assured by those who are good judges, that these two boats are in most admirable order, so far as machinery is concerned, having been carefully scrutinized during the past winter.

Our public depend so much upon this mode of travel for a least eight months in the year, that it is no slight advantage to be assured, as we are and always have been, that the superintendence of these boats is most careful and safe. So much horror has been excited, and misery suffered, by carelessness in management, and insufficiency of materials, of many Steam Boats, at a distance, that it is certainly a great thing, and one in which the public are deeply interested—to know that the management of our Portland Boats has been so judicious as that no accident has ever occurred, to throw a shade of suspicion upon their reputation.

We congratulate the public upon the excellent and safe arrangement to visit places of business in other States, thus so reasonable afforded, by these superior Boats—and really hope their proprietors will be sustained, as they deserve to be, liberally by our community.

Eastern Argus.

Learning, if rightly applied, makes a young man thinking, attentive and industrious, confident and wary, and an old man cheerful and reserved. It is an ornament to prosperity, a refuge in adversity, an entertainment at all times; it cheers in solitude, and meditates upon a throne.

SMALL VICES.—It is harder to conquer small and habitual defects than great and unfrequent vices, as it is harder to destroy a swarm of insects than one wild beast.

State of Maine.

HEAD QUARTERS,
Augusta, March 22, 1839.

General Order, No. 27.
The Commander-in-Chief having appointed Nicholas E. Paine, Esq. of Sanford, to be his *Aid de Camp*, and having commissioned him with the rank of Lieutenant Colonel, he will be obeyed and respected accordingly.
By the Commander-in-Chief,
A. B. THOMPSON,
Adjutant General.

STABBING.—Two persons were stabbed on North Maine street, Providence, on Monday morning, without the least provocation, by a person of the name of Jenkes. Neither of the person stabbed is considered to be dangerously wounded. Jenkes was arrested and committed to prison. He is said to be subject to fits of insanity, and as an evidence of his derangement when he perpetrated the above mentioned acts of violence, it is stated that he jumped out of a window of a house in Smithfield, on Sunday night, and walked to Providence without either boots or shoes.

That worthy patriot, David B. Ozden, who, during the last war, openly, and in his seat in the Legislature, expressed the hope that the American arms might be defeated and vanquished by the British, has, naturally enough, been employed by the blue light faction to which he belongs, to catch Daniel Webster about his reported declaration in the Senate that the United States ought to definitively settle the Maine boundary question by the 4th of July next. In his reply to David's pinching interrogatories, Daniel gracefully twists about, like a skinned cat, and finally backs out by saying that although he certainly did say that the United States was bound to bring the boundary question to a decision, he had no idea of referring to any 4th of July in particular, as the time to be chosen for this purpose. How perfectly characteristic is this correspondence between David and Daniel of the patriotism and national spirit of the precious party to which they belong! [N. Y. New Era.]

THE LONDON SPECTATOR, in speaking of Lord Durham's report says.

"It should be as gratifying to the American people as to the Colonists whom it most concerns. For the first time an eminent English statesman treats colonists with the respect which is due a free people; concealing nothing from them, nor attempting to delude them with vague generalities but admitting and enforcing their just causes of complaint, proving their grievances, and insisting that their interests should be consulted by allowing them to manage their own local affairs in their own way. For the first time an eminent English statesman officially avows his respect for the Anglo-Saxon people of the United States, and honestly attributes their wonderful career of prosperity to the English principle of local self-government, which they inherited from their ancestors and ours. Wellington and Peel seem to long for a war with America, or to imagine that they can 'avert it by denunciation and threats.' Lord Durham shows in what utter ignorance they have charged the American Government with bad faith; proves that whatever risk there may be of a foreign war on the Canadian frontier, is owing to the lawless and disorganized state of the British dominions; and declares that it is only by giving a government to our own people, who have had none, that we can hope to avert collision which may end in war. Which is the better statesmanship—which the wiser diplomacy—Peel's or Durham's? We need not stop to ask a question about the policy of such a nullity as the Melbourne Cabinet."

Mr. Editor: I notice in your paper of today, a paragraph in which you allude to certain "flaming shapes" seen during the Revolutionary War. It is a fact that such were seen, will you do me the favor to refer me, in your next, to some book in which an account of them may be found? and much oblige you.
Obr. Serv't, E.

March, 23d.
Bless your stars, we have no book to refer to—but ask your Grandmother, if you have one who lived through those days, and she will tell you all about them.

Portland Transcript.
MARRIED.
In this town, by Rev. C. B. Davis, Mr. Cyrus Perkins of Woodbury, to Miss Harriet Dunham, daughter of Mr. Zebra Dunham of this town.

DIED.
In Poland, March 21st, Mr. Benjamin Bailey aged 67.

LIST OF LETTERS Remaining in the Post Office at Paris, Me. April 1, 1839.
A. ANDREWS GARDNER J. Ayer Peter Briggs
Alanson Ed. Benson John Chafford David Clark
Sylvia S. Cole Josiah Daniels Gilman Dean Asa
Dunbar J. J. & Co. Foster Anne B. Parsons Susan
Gage Moses Hutchins Cyrus King George Knight
Peter Keen Lydia S. Langley James Merrill Isaac
D. McAlister Joseph McAlister Benj. Peterson
Benj. Porter Sylvanus Penley Joseph Prince Jean
Rayson Saml F. Rogers Edmund Rowe Gilman
Lyerson Job Robinson Preston Ryerson Eliza
Stevens Thos. Shaw Solomon Smith Samuel T.
Stearns Wm. Swan Ludwick Thos. David B.
Twitche David Woodward Daniel Wells Josiah
Wicks Clara.
G. W. MILLET, P. M.

FOUND.
A red head near Lew. Keweenaw, about one mile north of Bangor, Me. The State of Me. has a reward of \$100, to be paid to the finder of a red head, who has been dropped from the cargo of a vessel. The owner can have the same by proving property and paying for this Advertiser's notice on application at this Office.
April 1, 1839.

W. W. PIERCE & SONS
Will make sales of Trees & Cuttings of the Genuine Chinese Morus Multicaulis, Morus Exoniensis, Alpino, Brossier, Canton and other varieties, delivered to the purchasers immediately or at such period in the spring as is convenient to them and will enter into contracts accordingly. Prices and Terms for Trees and Cuttings will be forwarded to all who may apply for them by Mail, as well as pieces of Silk, Worsted, Hosiery, &c. The Multicaulis Trees are unusually vigorous, and as we first imported the Genuine tree, purchasers are sure of obtaining the true kind. It is from this source and from the great attention paid by them that the trees they have sold have given universal satisfaction.
N. B. Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Plants & Seeds can be supplied to any extent.
Flushing, near New York.
March 25th 1839.

LOST
ON the road from Paris to Portland, and supposed between the residence of the subscriber in Paris and Hobbs' Tavern in Gray, a small sized red morocco POCKET BOOK, containing several Receipts, Bills, Certificates, &c. bearing the subscriber's name, a *Dejeuner* card, and numerous other papers of value in any way except the owner. Any person finding and returning it, or giving information to the subscriber where it may be found shall be suitably rewarded.
BLIBRIDGE FOLIES.
Paris, April 1, 1839.
Gwal33.

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT.
DRAIN cannot exist long from *Corrupt Parties* living in the identical part where the pain is experienced. These corrupt parties who in great volume (quantity) are the *Positive cause of death*.
It is a solemn truth that corruption terminates the existence of all created beings; the importance of its speedy removal from the body, when by any means it has accumulated, is therefore self-evident, not only *Health*, but existence, being absolutely endangered by its existence.
Let us then acknowledge that the only sure means of preventing and curing disease, is the speedy removal of *Corrupt Humors* from the body. Disease being only another name for *Corruption*, and *Corruption* or *Corrupt Humors* being identified in all cases as *Impurity of Blood*.
Purgative Medicine, when resorted to in season, that is while there is sufficient vitality remaining in the system, will certainly remove corruption; thus the blood is purified; thus chronic diseases and premature death are prevented; thus those whose lives are of the utmost consequence to their country, and families, are often saved.
The importance of this discovery of curing diseases after ages will do justice: Dr. Benjamin Brandreth will not then be styled an "ignorant pretender." But that will neither please nor offend him; in the rectitude of his own acts, in the quiet of his own conscience, is his reward. And he gives this as his solemn pledge that his medicine shall be always equal to what it is; and that no expense shall be spared in its manufacture—and the making of it he attends to personally.
SYNOPSIS OF FACTS.
BRANDRETH'S PILLS are universally used in every section of this wide extended country where they are made known. Upwards of fourteen thousand cases of cure have been certified as having been effected solely from their use since the introduction of them into the United States establishing the fact beyond all doubt, that the Brandreth Pills cure the (apparently) most opposite diseases by the one simple act of continually evacuating the bowels with them, until the disease gives way; therefore, whatever may be said of the *theory*, the utility of the practice is now beyond all doubts.
Dr. B. advises that the curative effect depends on the *Purgative Qualities of the Brandreth Pills* experience and a continuation of experiment for upwards of forty years have made them the most judiciously balanced purge known. Therefore, however long it may be necessary to persevere with them for the removal of any disease, no more than good can possibly result from their use—they are perfectly innocent.
The healthy as well as those suffering from diseases, should use them—the former to keep their blood pure and vigorous, and the latter to remove all noxious accumulations without weakening the system. The only cure that is required is to procure the genuine Brandreth Pills, and you cannot fail to procure the genuine if you take the following advice.
How to be secure from Counterfeits.
Never purchase Brandreth's Pills without being positively assured that the person selling them has an *Engraved Certificate of Authenticity*, and observe it has been removed; no Certificate bearing any guarantee after twelve months from date that Pills sold by the holder are genuine.
All Pills having Wm. Brandreth on the label, and George Hodgkinson on the edge, are counterfeits, are to *detest the Pills*, and evade the law at the same time.
Be careful, and indeed, all counterfeits, if used according to the directions, will accompany any Pills, that are not *DESTROY LIFE*. They are made by men having no standing or respectability, without limitation or name—perfectly careless of consequences, provided money is obtained.
[Extract from Dr. B's Address to citizens of the U. S.]
And be careful to remember that I have never authorized any person to sell the Brandreth Pills, or to give any *Indemnity* to persons who have made agents, have each of them a *COPY* of the *PLATE* certificate of agency, signed in writing with a pen by me, and which certificate requires renewal every twelve months, it being my guarantee for more than one year from date—observe the date is not WRITTEN, it is ENGRAVED.
B. BRANDRETH, M. D.
211 Broadway, New York.

Dr. B. Brandreth, has at very great expense, established the following offices for the exclusive sale of his *Vegetable Universal Pills*, which he begs to be understood shall be always equal to what they have been, and that no expense shall be spared in their manufacture. This he guarantees on his honor.
New York, (Principal) 211 Broadway.
Philadelphia—3 North Eighth Street.
Baltimore—80 South Charles Street.
Do. ton—19 Hanover Street.
Albany—Corner of Green and Hudson Streets.
Pittsburg, Pa.—154 Wood Street.
Cincinnati—119 Main Street.
Louisville, Ky.—99 Fourth Street.
St. Louis, Mo.—66 1-2 Market Street.
New Orleans—3 Old Levee.
Charleston, S. C.—72 Meeting Street.
Montreal—63 Notre Dame.
Sub Agents in Maine will hereafter receive their supplies from the New England Office.
19 HANOVER STREET
THE ONLY OFFICE IN LONDON FOR DR. B. N. JAMIN BRANDRETH'S VEGETABLE UNIVERSAL PILLS.
OF MR. JOHN O. LANGLEY,
Who is DR. BRANDRETH'S duly authorized Travelling Agent for the State of Maine.

The following are the ONLY Agents in Oxford County furnished with the Genuine Pills. Buy of them and avoid deception.
Paris—CROCKER & STAW.
So. Paris—A. Hall, Jr.
Buckfield—A. F. Cole.
Randford—Orie G. Hol. Jr.
Dixfield—L. N. & C. Stanley.
Jay—J. Paine.
Debat—S. K. Kimball.
Livermore—H. B. Morrison.
Paris—J. P. Kimball & Walker.
Woodsack—Welcome Kimbley.
Randford—Hall & Deane.
Greenwood—Welcome Kimbley.
Albany—Langley & French.
Paris—Pills Clark.
Norway—Julian Greenwood.
Lewell—James Walker.
Waterford—Noyes & Noble.
S. 11. H. Terry.
Sweden—Benjamin Rogers.
Bangor—G. H. Russell.
Porter—J. H. Higgins.
Hiram—J. C. Haverfield.
Canton Mills—J. M. Deaton.
Oxford—Charles Dorell.
B. BRANDRETH, M. D.
211 Broadway, N. Y.
Sole proprietors of Brandreth's Vegetable Universal Pills.
copy32

[Concluded From first Page.]
The prisoner paused for an instant, then with a sudden impulse closed the aperture and walked resolutely away. An exclamation of anguish and disappointment from above reached his ear, he gazed steadfastly from the window, his face expressive of the triumph of an honorable mind over an unworthy temptation.

CHAPTER TWELFTH.

The morning of the second of October broke with a clear sky and the promise of a bright autumnal day. The sun rose without a cloud and gladdened hill, forest and valley, with his cheering light. Happiness was written on the face of nature as if with the finger of Heaven; but among the habitants of men, sorrow and woe had, as ever, an abiding place. There was one abode into the windows of which this morning's sun shone, above all other melancholy in its character, and most melancholy for the scenes of human sorrow and wretchedness of which it was the daily witness. It was a prison, in one of the gloomiest apartments, sat a young man whose days were numbered—whose star was about to become extinguished ere it reached its zenith. It was Major Andre. His judges had doomed him to die as a spy, taken within the American lines. The sympathizing American chief would gladly have commuted his harsh sentence, but military justice demanded the victim! In one hour he was led forth to execution! His countenance was firm. A delightful calm dwelt on his noble and youthful features, an air of repose and resignation marked his bearing. About him stood a group of officers, foes to his country, but whom his virtues had converted into personal friends. Tears were in the eyes of these warriors, and their voices trembled with emotion as they talked with each other. He alone was calm and resigned!

An officer entered and announced in a subdued tone, that the hour of execution had arrived. The prisoner rose with dignity and said: "Gentlemen, I am ready to wait on you." Taking the arm of Major Tallmadge, who had been constantly with him since his capture, he left his cell with a firm step. In the street he took the arms of two of his subaltern officers, and walked between them to the place of execution. A natural composure pervaded his manner, and his whole deportment was dignified and self-possessed.

"My emotions are singular," he said, turning to Major Tallmadge who walked towards him, "when I reflect that in a few moments I shall be an inhabitant of the world of spirits—so soon have revealed to me the great secret! But I do not shrink from it. I am not afraid to die—if I were, wretched indeed should I be at this moment." They now came in sight of the gallows surrounded by a large military force and a great concourse of citizens awaiting the event—a deep gloom filled all hearts—commiseration visible on every face.

When the young man saw the degrading instrument of execution he stopped, and turning to Major Tallmadge said, with an expression of mingled pain and indignation, "why is this?"

"Are you ill sir?" asked the officer ignorant of the cause of his emotion.

"Tis nothing sir said the young soldier, recovering his composure; I hoped to have met death at least at the hand of soldiers, and not at those of the common hang-man. Move forward, I am reconciled to death, but I detest the mode."

In a few minutes afterwards, he stood beneath the gallows. As he looked up at the engine of death, his chest heaved and there was a choking in his throat as if he was striving to suppress feelings struggling to escape. At length the noose was suspended from the beam and the wagon placed beneath. Without assistance he stepped into it and then for a moment appeared to shrink. The ascendancy of nature was but momentary. Instantly recovering himself, he looked around upon the sorrowful faces at the foot of the gallows and said, with a smile:

"It will be but a momentary pang!" Then declining the assistance of the provost-marshal, he bandaged his own eyes with a degree of firmness and resignation that the eyes of all who gazed were full of tears and deep groans of emotion escaped from the breast of many a stalwart soldier, that the stern spirit of military laws should demand so young and noble a victim.

The provost-marshal then pinioned his arms loosely & placed the noose over the young man's head, who, himself with perfect firmness adjusted it to his neck.

"Major Andre, you have now an opportunity to speak if you desire, it," said provost-marshal. Lifting his handkerchief from his eyes he looked steadily round and said in a firm, clear voice that reached every ear of the multitude:

"I pray you bear me witness, that I meet my fate like a brave man." There was no vain boasting in his voice or manner, but his words proceeded from that honorable pride, which becomes a soldier and which sheds a halo even around the brow of death. When he had said this he resumed his former position and calmly awaited his fate.

The signal was given—the wagon rolled from beneath him, and the victim of military justice had expired his offence with his life. "Such," says Mr. Sparks in his 'Biography of Arnold,' which able work we have made free use of in this outline, "such was the death of a man whose rare accomplishments had procured for him the friendship and confidence of all to whom he was known, and opened the happiest presages of a future career of renown and glory. In ten short days his blooming hopes had been

blighted, and his glowing visions dispersed.—But it was his singular fortune to die, not more beloved by his friends than lamented by his enemies, whose cause he had sought to ruin, and by whose hands his life was justly taken.—Time has consecrated the feeling. There are few Americans, and few will there ever be, who can look back upon the fate of Andre without deep regret. His name is embalmed in every generous heart; and they who shall condemn his great error and applaud the sentence of his judges, will cherish a melancholy remembrance of the unfortunate victim, and grieve that a life of so much promise, adorned with so many elevated and estimable qualities, was destined to an untimely and ignominious end." The tears and eulogies that have followed the memory of this noble gentleman, brave soldier, and honorable man, eminently show how virtue may ennoble even the gallows, and demonstrate that it is far better to die well, though on the gallows, than, like Benedict Arnold, to purchase life with the scorn and contempt of mankind.

"Still lived he on—his victim doomed to die—Yet in their different fates behold the homely."

POETRY.

(From the Churchman.)
STANZAS.

"The spirit sought that better world,
Where pain shall be no more—
Departed as the hushed winds sink
When the tempest's strife is o'er."

My sister! my beautiful sister!
I saw her fade and die;
As a summer cloud will sink at eve
In the deep blue of the sky;
As some bright star will beam awhile
Then sink and leave all gloom—
As flowers bow beneath the blast,
She sank into the tomb.

My bright and radiant sister!
Her voice was full of glee,
And ever with a rush of joy,
Came thrillingly to me.
Life flowed for her o'er golden sands,
And Hope a chaplet wore,
Whose every leaf was glittering
With the magic light of love.

My sweet and gentle sister!
Her love around our hearts
A halo cast to make it seem
A pleasant thing on earth,
And ever in the darkest hours,
That trusting love would come,
To wile us from our weary thoughts—
Like sunlight in our home.

My pure and stainless sister!
She sank as sweet to rest—
We kissed the marble brow and deemed
The slumberer must be blessed.
Blessed in the holy purity
Of a young spirit given,
Free from the taint of worldly sin,
Early to God and Heaven.

A CAUTION.—The following anecdote was related to us as fact: and as we are not aware it has ever been in print, we publish it for the benefit of all whom it may concern.

A young gentleman not remarkable for either talent or intelligence, was in the habit of visiting a family in which there were, among others two ladies and a little girl.

What induced the conversation we are not prepared to say (perhaps it might have been some suspicious looks, or signs, or words from him,) but the ladies were discussing his acquirements in the presence of the child, and one of them in the course of the remarks observed that "Mr. ——— had a soft place in his head."

This was treasured up by the child, and at a subsequent visit the young phrenologist commenced an examination of the gentleman's cranium, for the purpose of ascertaining where his new organ was situated. Unfortunately she imagined she found it; and the mathematician who ran through the streets crying out 'Eureka,' when he had solved a difficult problem, was scarcely more delighted than she, when to the discomfiture of the ladies she exclaimed, "Oh! sister, Mr. ——— really has, as you said, a soft place in his head, for here it is under my finger now!"

It is unnecessary to add, we never expect to have the pleasure of publishing the marriage of Mr. ——— to either of the ladies referred to.

Snow Hill Banner.

The FARMER. The following just and eloquent tribute to this meritorious class of American citizens, is from the pen of an eminent N. England clergyman:

"There is one class of men upon whom we can yet rely. It is the same class that stood on the little green at Lexington, that gathered on the heights of Bunker Hill and poured down from the hills of New-England, which were the life blood of the nation when the English lion was ready to devour it—I mean the FARMERS. They were never found to trample on law and right. Were I to commit my character to any class of men, my family, and my country's safety, it would be to the Farmers. They are a class of men such as the world never saw for honesty, intelligence and Roman virtue, sweetened by the Gospel of God. And when this nation quakes, they and their sons are those that will stand by the sheet anchor of our liberties, and hold the ship at her moorings till she outrides the storm."

A New Way to pay Old Debts.—A loafer has adopted an ingenious method of discharging a debt. The loafer owed certain scores at a bar, which he found it inconvenient to pay, so he took to walking during the morning up and down the pavement in front of the shop of his creditor. Scarcely an acquaintance passed without asking him to take something to drink,

which, of course he accepted. The bar of his creditor being most convenient, was always patronized, and while the friend drank what patronized him, the barkeeper being previously instructed, always filled the loafer's glass with water. Thus he diminished the debt a sip at a time, in which way he soon paid it up, and at the same time brought his creditor a clever run of custom.—Balt. Trans.

Sunflower Segars.—A Mr Goodman, of Marietta, Lancaster county, Pa. has taken out a patent for a new kind of cigars made from the leaf of the sunflower. They are said to possess a pectoral virtue in coughs, colds, asthma, &c. and are pronounced regular life preservers.

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.—PARIS.

NOTICE is hereby given to the non-resident proprietors and owners of lands in the Town of Paris, County of Oxford, and State of Maine, that the same are taxed for the years 1837, and 1838, for County and town tax, and deficiency of Highway for the years 1836 and 1837, in the bills committed to the undersigned Collector of said Paris, by the Assessors of said Town, and remain unpaid as follows, viz:—

Owners Names.	No. of Lots	No. of Acres	Value	Tax for 1837	Tax for 1838
Unknown	South part	4	15	1.06	
do	North do	1	113	2.21	
Wellington	Jed. NW part	18	5	1.60	1.36
Unknown	NE do	10	6	80	4.40
Benj. Poor	part of 13 & 14	4	40	3.63	

Delinquent Highway for 1836.

Owners Names.	No. of Lots	No. of Acres	Value	Tax for 1836	Tax for 1837
Unknown	N part	4	90	2.37	
James Smith	W do	5	2	40	6.00
Administrator	E do	6	1	45	

For 1838.

Owners Names.	No. of Lots	No. of Acres	Value	Tax for 1838	Tax for 1839
Unknown	W part	7	7	49	54
do	S do	22	4	85	125
do	N do	4	1	90	2.45
Dan'l Cummings	part of 18	3	5	35	39
Unknown	part of 18	3	119	2.72	2.99
Ira Hilborn and	S part	2	170	1.60	1.10
Moses Allen					
Heirs of Cy W & E do	5 & 6	2	55	5.25	5.72
Unknown	154-16	6	90	7.50	8.25
do	124-14	4	40	3.60	3.96
do	254-26	2	65	1.75	1.93
do	254-28	2	65	1.75	1.93

Delinquent Highway for 1837.

Owners Names.	No. of Lots	No. of Acres	Value	Tax for 1837	Tax for 1838
Unknown	N part	15 & 16	6	90	7.50
Berry farm so called	19			5.20	
Levi Berry, Jr.	S part	19		1.67	

And unless said taxes and all necessary intervening charges be paid to me, the subscriber on or before the sixth day of July next, I shall proceed to sell at Public Auction, to the highest bidder, at the store of Hiram Hubbard, in said Paris, at one o'clock in the afternoon of said day, so much of said lands as shall be necessary to discharge the same.

LUTHER WASHBURN, Collector.
Paris, March 12, 1839. 31

NOTICE.

PERSONS residing in the District of the Post Office at Norway, Me. are respectfully informed, that the account of the interesting character of the news at the present time, and of the wishes of the people to receive their Letters, Newspapers, &c. at the earliest moment and at such hours as may suit their convenience, extra attention and diligence will be devoted to the execution of the Office, and that hereafter said Office will be constantly open for the delivery of Letters, Newspapers &c. from six o'clock in the morning until nine o'clock in the evening.

WILLIAM REED, P. M.
By JONATHAN B. SMITH.
Norway-Village, March 21, 1839. 4w32

DOCT. JOHNSON'S AMERICAN ANODYNE LINIMENT.

Liquid Opodeldoc,
PREPARED AND INTENDED FOR
Internal & External use;
FOR SALE BY
W. E. GOODNOW,
NORWAY.

THIS article has become a STANDARD MEDICINE, and enjoys the high privilege of being known and patronized by a great portion of the Medical Faculty throughout the State of Maine.

The inventor and proprietor of this preparation was in the regular and constant practice of medicine for twenty years—has been preparing this article for the last fifteen years, and, with full confidence, offers it to the public as the result of his experience and best efforts.

No better remedy can be taken in all cases where an anodyne is required, such as head-ache, Cough, Hooping Cough, Hiccups, and colds in Colds, Pain and Soreness in the Lungs, Stomach and sides, caused by lifting or otherwise; for Strangury, Asthma and Inflammation of the Lungs, weak Lungs, &c. &c.

Externally it will have the most happy effects in all cases where any Opodeldoc is used, especially for Children, Cracked Hands, and a sore Leg.

There is nothing of equal efficacy to this for Horses and Oxen, where they are jerked, cut, bruised, strained or chafed by the harness, for Ringworms, &c. and it possesses more than double the power of any other Opodeldoc. Price 37 1/2 cents.

—Also—
JOHNSON'S
RED OINTMENT,
A certain cure for the
ITCH, TETTERS, RINGWORM, SCALD-HEAD
and a great variety of Cutaneous Eruptions. Always
safe. Price 25 cents.
March 25, 1839. cow3w32

SHERIFF'S SALE.

Oxford, ss.—Taken on Execution, and to be sold at public Vendue at the Store of Long & Loring in Bethel and in said County, on Saturday the fourth day of May next, at two o'clock P. M. all the right which Nathan Farrar of said County has in equity to redeem a certain parcel or tract of land situated in said Bethel, and being the same premises which are described in said Farrar's Mortgage Deed to Benjamin F. Spalding, dated Sept. 19, 1837, and recorded in the Oxford Registry of Deeds Book 53, page 633, to which reference is had—mortgaged to secure the payment of \$410.00—Said tract containing fifteen acres, as stated in said deed.

ISAIAH WHITTEMORE, Deputy Sheriff.
Paris, March 23, 1839. 3w32

SAMUEL F. RAWSON, DEPUTY SHERIFF, PARIS, ME.

All business by Mail, or otherwise promptly attended to.

BLANKS FOR TOWN ORDERS

FOR sale at this Office.
Feb. 26. 3w32

CAUTION.

THE subscriber having contracted on the 19th inst. with the Overseers of the Poor for the Town of Bethel in the County of Oxford, for the support and maintenance of Mr. John Bates, & Elkanah W. Sprague, Paupers of said town, and as suitable provision has been made for the same, this is to forbid all persons harboring or trusting them on his account, as he will pay no debts of their contracting.

MOSES BARTLETT.
Bethel, March 20, 1839. 3w32

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.—GREENWOOD.

NOTICE is hereby given to the owners and non-resident proprietors of the following described lands situated in the town of Greenwood, County of Oxford, and State of Maine, that they are taxed in the bills committed to me to collect for the year 1838, in the following sums, viz:—

Land in the south part of the Town formerly known by the name of the Morrises & Haskell's Grant.	No. of Lots	No. of Acres	Value	Tax for 1837	Tax for 1838
Daniel Town or unknown	1	75	1.00		
Formerly to Town W. end	2	30	3.32	65	95

In the south part of the Town formerly known by the name of Phillips Academy half Township.

Formerly to J. Merrill	No. of Lots	No. of Acres	Value	Tax for 1837	Tax for 1838
J. Dorry or unknown	12	2	23.26	65	65
do	9	55	70.1	73	73
do	5	180	30	73	73
Unknown West end	6	11	50.20	58	58
Ezekiel Dutton or unknown	4	110	25	70	106
Levi B. Whitney	4	110	25	61	27

In the north part of the Town of Greenwood formerly known by the name of Raymond's Grant.

Charles Potter or unknown	No. of Lots	No. of Acres	Value	Tax for 1837	Tax for 1838
do	3	110	25	62	121
do	4	110	25	62	121
do	5	110	25	62	121
do	6	110	25	62	121
do	7	110	25	62	121
do	8	110	25	62	121
do	9	110	25	62	121
do	10	110	25	62	121
do	11	110	25	62	121
do	12	110	25	62	121
do	13	110	25	62	121
do	14	110	25	62	121
do	15	110	25	62	121
do	16	110	25	62	121
do	17	110	25	62	121
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do	19	110	25	62	121
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do	91	110	25	62	121
do	92	110	25	62	121
do	93	110	25	62	1